

**M**ay 6. 1682. being the same day that the *Abhorrence* passed so Unanimously in the *Inner-Temple*, one Sir *James Etheridge* of the same Society coming into the *Golden-Lyon-Tavern* in *Fetter-lane*, to speak with a Gentleman there about some business, found him engaged with Company, among which he was brought in; and after some time, being ask'd how the *Address* pass'd his House? answer'd, that it had pass'd in Parliament *Nemine Contradicente*; and that there were about 100 persons then present; and that he was well assured every man there would defend the King, His Prerogatives, and His Lawful Successor in the Right Line, with their Lives and Fortunes: From which discourse one Mr. *Fothergale* of *Lincolns-Inn* took occasion very much to inveigh against His Royal Highness the Duke of *York*; saying, he was very sorry to see him likely to find so many Friends; for he was an obstinate and perverse man: Sir *James* told him, he mistook the most unshaken Courage and Resolution, for Obstinacy and Perverseness. Mr. *Fothergale* answer'd him, that he was not mistaken; and if those words were any ways unsuitable to his Character, 'twas because they were better than he deserv'd. Sir *James* told him, that his opinion favour'd very much of a *Rascal*, and that he deserv'd to be beat out of it. Mr. *Fothergale* answer'd him, *you dare not*; To which Sir *James* promised his endeavours, and privately desired satisfaction, which Mr. *Fothergale* refused him, and bid him take it where he could find it; and so for the present they parted. But Sir *James* immediately sent to him for satisfaction; And then Mr. *Fothergale*, having better considered of the matter, came to Sir *James* in the *Temple*, from whence they took a Boat, and went over the River into the Fields, where, after 4 or 5 Passes, Sir *James* having given him a slight Wound in his Thigh, and received one in his Arm, closed with him, threw him, and dis-arm'd him, and told him he ought to ascribe his mis-fortune to the baseness of his Cause, and that the Justice of his, had made him Master of his Life, which he should acknowledge from his mercy, and withal renounce such thoughts or expressions concerning His Royal Highness for the future, or else he would use the advantage that Fortune had made in his Power. But Mr. *Fothergale* frankly consenting to the Proposals, Sir *James* gave him his Sword, and so they parted good Friends.

